

ALGER A BRAVE MAN

Representative O'Donnell Gives a Bit of History

ADDING TO ALGER'S LAURELS

Showing That He Undertook to Perform a Hazardous Task in a Critical Time—His Record Speaks.

DETROIT, Feb. 14.—The News says today that Representative O'Donnell says that three years ago, when there were reports current as to alleged irregularities in General Alger's record, he went to the record department and secured a full transcript of the record, which he sent to General Alger's friends. Prior to that time he had talked with General Phil Sheridan, who said that Alger was one of the best officers who ever served under him. Later, when the technical irregularities were discovered, he talked with Colonel Mike Sheridan, brother of Phil, who said that the irregularities amounted to nothing and were not worth attention. It could readily have been corrected, as both the Sheridans were devoted friends and admirers of General Alger. When, however, it was deemed expedient to correct it General Sheridan was on his death bed. The inquiry which Mr. O'Donnell made brought out an entirely new phase of General Alger's life which has never appeared on record because of its peculiar character, and it is the peculiar phase of Alger's later military days which entirely clears up all question as to his standing. It appears that when President Lincoln issued his proclamation granting amnesty to all people of the south who would declare themselves loyal to the Union, General Alger saw in the proclamation an opportunity to split the south having southerners come back to the Union.

What Alger saw. He saw, however, that the main necessity was to bring the offer of amnesty to the attention of southerners, and that could not be done, as the proclamation could not be circulated through the south. Alger thought some means for circulating it ought to be adopted. Accordingly he wrote to a Mr. Kellogg, who was then a member of congress from the Grand Rapids district, setting forth his idea. Kellogg was so much impressed with the plan that he went to the white house and laid it before Lincoln. A few days later Alger was surprised to receive a command direct from Washington ordering him to come here and appear before the president. He began to be fearful that he was going to be criticized for writing from the field to a member of congress. He came here and went before Lincoln. "You have been writing letters to a member of congress," said Lincoln.

Alger began to explain with trepidation, but Lincoln stopped him. "It is a most excellent idea, Colonel Alger," said the president, "and I commend you for the special purpose of carrying out that idea and seeing that the offer of amnesty is got through the lines and is widely circulated through the south." The details were soon arranged and Alger started on this important special mission. It was of a confidential nature that no record was made of it, and even the officers immediately connected with Alger knew little or nothing of his movements. There is said to be not a scrap of record of this special work, owing to the secrecy with which it had to be executed. Major Hopkins has been informed of the circumstances and looking into them. It is believed that this special and confidential service was the cause of the honor and title finally conferred upon General Alger at the close of the war.

FAVOR AN ITALIAN.

The Cardinals Agree on the Nationality of the Next Pope.

LONDON, Feb. 14.—A dispatch from Rome states that the vote of cardinals taken by order of the pope in the form of a question addressed to each as to whether he preferred an Italian or a foreigner in the chair of St. Peter, in the event of the pope's demise, has resulted in a nearly unanimous expression in favor of an Italian. In one or two instances preference was expressed for a German, the person evidently meant being the stalwart prelate, Paul Melchers, who, in the personal sacrifices and sufferings he has endured, is the most heroic figure in the cardinal's college. But as Melchers is dying, he is out of the field.

The pope is said to be gratified by the preference for an Italian, as he is himself strongly bent upon keeping the holy see in close touch with the Italian people, to whom he hopefully looks for the revival of the imperial power. His holiness is gradually passing away. This is admitted even by the most sanguine. His mental strength is not weakened and the lamp of intellect seems to burn all the more brightly as the grave approaches. But he is not far from the end although able to attend to ordinary affairs and not suffering from any disease. He himself recognizes his condition in assiduous preparation for the future.

Large Indemnities Demanded.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 14.—Twenty-four sailors of the Baltimore made a formal claim on the state department for damages aggregating \$1,395,000 for their rough handling by the Chileans in the Valparaiso mob. The largest sums are demanded by Hamilton, sailor and Anderson, coal heaver, \$130,000 each.

CORSETT IS ANGRY.

He Says He Will Meet Slavin and Knock Him Out.

NEW YORK, Feb. 14.—James Corbett is very indignant at the remarks made by Slavin and Mitchell in regard to a match with Slavin and Mitchell in regard to a match with him. He says he will box Slavin six rounds at Madison Square Garden, Tuesday night, and if he does not beat Slavin he will give him the entire proceeds of the house. Corbett thinks Slavin and Mitchell should stop blowing and make a match with him.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Feb. 14.—Frank P. Slavin, the Australian pugilist, sent the

following telegram tonight just before leaving for Indianapolis: President Olympic Club, New Orleans: I will agree to meet Corbett March 2, stop him or knock him out in six rounds, sixteen or eighteen foot ring. Winner to take all of any purse you offer, if satisfactory to Corbett. After his continued attacks upon my partner and myself this will give him an opportunity to show the public whether he is in earnest or not.

DEATH OF YOUNG JAMES FAIR.

It is Attributed Directly to the Bichloride of Gold Treatment.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 14.—The death of James G. Fair, Jr., eldest son of ex-Senator Fair, who expired suddenly early Friday morning from heart failure, is attributed by his doctors directly to bichloride of gold treatment. Fair had a superabundance of flesh and had shown signs of fatty degeneration of the heart. He drank inordinately and was always trying new schemes to cure the liquor habit. Not long ago he had his palate hypnotized, and force of imagination took the place of whiskey for a few weeks, but when the appetite resumed its sway he drank worse than ever. Then the Keeley cure came along and Young Jimmie was the first to try it. He declared it had effected a cure, but his friends noticed his listlessness. Now the doctors say that strychnine, which enters so largely into the so-called bichloride treatment, affected his heart and hastened death. Several similar cases have occurred here, all pointing to the deadly nature of the new remedy. Young Fair was left \$500,000 by his mother, but he couldn't touch the principal until he was 35, and he died at 30. He had \$500 monthly income. He was very popular with the "boys" around town, but before he reached his majority he was hopelessly given to drinking. His younger brother, Charles, now in England, is also a dipsomaniac, who has been sent on long sea voyages several times, but nothing seems able to eradicate the desire for whiskey. Ex-Senator Fair has more ready money than any man in Frisco. His real estate is worth no less than \$200,000. If his boys had shown any business capacity or self-control they could have become financial powers here. As it is, old Fair is piling up millions with no heir whom he can trust to manage his great fortune when he leaves it. Not one member of his family is here to help him bury his first-born.

BURNED AT SEA.

The Identity of the Missing Oil Ship Established.

NEW YORK, Feb. 13.—The identity of the ship seen burning on January 16, about 1,200 miles southeast of Cape Clear, Ireland, or nearly in midocean, has been established. She was the Nova Scotia clipper *London*, which left this port with a large cargo of refined petroleum in cases December 31. She was commanded by Captain Boyd and carried a crew of thirty-eight men. She is the only oil-laden ship overdue at any European port and there is no doubt that this was the vessel that the *Wilcox* Line ship *Egyptian Monarch* passed on January 16. Captain Irwin of the *Egyptian Monarch* reported after reaching Liverpool, on January 22, that he sighted a wooden vessel burning furiously. Judging from the dense, black smoke and the odor, he thought she was laden with oil. Her masts were gone. Her bowsprit was standing, and in it Captain Irwin saw men clinging. Before a boat could be lowered the bowsprit snapped and fell into the raging sea with two men, who disappeared. Believing that the boats from the burning ship might be in the neighborhood, Captain Irwin remained near until dawn. He saw no signs of the crew on the riotous waters. He concluded that if they had succeeded in launching a boat it had been swamped.

IN FAVOR OF HARRISON.

Chauncey I. Filley, the Missouri Leader, Indorses the Administration.

SEDALIA, Mo., February 14.—After a stormy session of the republican state league, occasioned by a desperate struggle over the report of the committee on credentials, and which resulted finally in victory for the Filley faction, the convention adjourned at 5 o'clock this morning. James H. Harkless, of Kansas City, was elected president. Four delegates at large to the convention of the national league were also elected. Whether Chauncey I. Filley, the leader of the Filley faction of the republican party in this state, would endorse the administration, has been problematic until today. In reply to a telegram from the New York World inquiring if he could swing the state for Alger he told the correspondent that he saw no reason why Minnesota should not send a solid delegation to Minneapolis for Harrison. This would appear to signify a complete capitulation to Harrison by Filley.

HEAD OF THE OCTOPUS.

It Reaps Itself Under the Guise of a Compromise.

CHICAGO, Feb. 14.—A special to the Herald from New Orleans says: There will be a conference Tuesday between committees from the lottery and anti-lottery wings of the democratic party to arrange a compromise and agree on terms by which the great gambling enterprise may exist a year or so longer. To withdraw the two democratic tickets now in the field and name a new one which both factions may support. It is not considered likely the differences will be adjusted. It is much more probable that the points involved will be debated with the more convincing argument of rifles and argued through the smoke than to be decided over a council table. There is no room for a compromise in the anti-lottery people believe, and they declare if the lottery cannot be killed by law it must be drowned in blood.

FIVE STORY FACTORY BURNED.

An Early Morning Blaze in a New York Shop.

NEW YORK, Feb. 14.—A fire this morning partially consumed the five-story furniture factory of Charles Lench, East Seventeenth street. It is supposed to have originated in the show room on the first floor, and shortly burned its way to the second floor, where two large varnish tanks furnished fuel, this soon caused the flames to envelop the building. Three alarms were sent in and the firemen worked heroically for two hours before the flames were controlled. Lench's damage is \$100,000; fully insured, damage to building \$50,000, also insured.

THEY HAVE A HOLD

But It is on a Weak and Yielding Twine

WHAT THE DEMS NOW PROPOSE

The Tariff to be Attacked on Binding Twine Only—How the House Will be Controlled by the Rules Committee.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 14.—The tactics of the leaders of the democratic party remind me very much of the skirmish line of a demoralized army. There is at times a forward movement, then a wavering, the halt and retreat attended with the confusion caused by the knowledge that the enemy in front is advancing with solid unswerving columns. This is about the situation here in congress today. Last week the chairman of the ways and means committee of the house announced that the attack upon the tariff would be begun this week and the bills placing lumber, salt and wool on the free list would be pushed energetically. A halt has been called, a council of war held, and it is decided to do something else. All wait with impatience to know what the order is to be, when all at once it is stated that the attack is to be made upon the one poor insignificant item, binding twine, which now pays a duty of seven-tenths of a cent per pound and is cheaper today than ever before. This item is to be the target for all the shafts of the great revenue. The windmill will be attacked by these *Don Truxides*, and the farmers, along near July, will be told of the great battle waged in their behalf.

Today I am told that when the bill to put twine on the free list is reported, Mills will offer as a substitute the original "Mills bill" which very likely may be adopted. This would be a great victory for Mills over Crisp and his faction. It seems that Senator Governor Mills has someone at the helm of his judgment it would be a good stroke to repeal the present tariff act and go back to the act of 1883, which every one knows was generally very unsatisfactory and in respect of some of its provisions, worked great injury to the business interests of the country. All this shows the very uncertain frame of mind.

Avoid of Itself.

After more than two months the house is really organized with a code of rules and is ready to go. I will not say, do business, for such is not the intention or desire. The house is afraid of itself and the rules are so framed that the leaders are. The simple fact is, that the democratic party has no honest conviction upon any great public question; the sole motive and moving influence is how to get into power and stay there. And the thing which is most seriously considered at the time is how not to do anything and still make a show of trying to do something, which the wicked republican majority of the senate will not permit to be accomplished, that three or four men of the majority can string up power and they desire by aid of the filibuster, or a rule applying the gag or shutting off debate at any time.

The house is controlled entirely by the majority of the committee on rules, which consists of Crisp, the speaker, McMillan of Tennessee, and Cutchings of Mississippi. The minority of this committee are led by Maine and Burrows, who, of course, are powerless in the matter of influencing the action of the committee one way or another. The adoption of the present code of rules is an absolute surrender upon the part of the majority of the house of all power to the three men constituting the majority of the rules committee—a confession that the rules cannot be trusted to do business in the usual manner. Under the rules there is no way to obtain a vote upon any proposition unless this committee approve and report a rule. On the other hand, if the committee approve of any measure a special order can be reported for its consideration, and no dilatory motion is in their power by aid of the filibuster, or a rule of order. And before this session is over the country will see that this house has less liberty of action under the present code than any of its predecessors. McGibbon.

MR. SPRINGER'S WOOL BILL.

An Agreement Reached on the Rates of Duty.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 14.—The democratic committee of the ways and means committee held another prolonged conference on the Springer wool bill yesterday. The result was an agreement on the rates of duty to be imposed by the bill on manufactures of wool. The agreement by paragraphs is as follows: On woolen and worsted yarns, 35 per cent. The rate under the McKinley law is 35 and 40 per cent, the higher rate being on yarns valued at more than forty cents per pound. On woolen or worsted cloths, shawls, knit fabrics and all fabrics made on knitting machines or frames, and all manufactures of every description made wholly or in part of wool or worsted, not specially provided for, 40 per cent, the present rates being 40 and 50 per cent, according to value.

On blankets, hats and wool flannels for underwear, composed wholly or in part of wool valued at not more than 50 cents per pound, 35 per cent, against a present rate under the McKinley law of 50 per cent, ad valorem, valued at more than 50 cents, 30 per cent, ad valorem against a present rate of 35 per cent, valued at more than 50 cents per pound, 45 per cent, against a present rate of 40 per cent, ad valorem.

On women's and children's dress goods, coat linings, Italian cloth, bunting and goods of similar description, 35 per cent, ad valorem. The McKinley rate is 50 per cent.

On clothing ready-made and articles of wearing apparel of every description, cloaks, dolmans, jackets and other outer garments for ladies and children's apparel, 45 per cent, ad valorem. The McKinley rate is 60 per cent.

On washings, gowns, suspenders, braces, bedings, brasils, galleons, fringes, gimps, cords, and tassels, dress trimmings, laces and embroideries, buttons, head nets, 40 per cent, ad valorem. The present rate is 50 per cent.

of carpets, 30 per cent as against the present rate of 40 per cent on all except carpets and carpeting not specially provided for, which is placed at 50 per cent under the McKinley law. In addition there is, of course, no per pound or per square yard duties imposed, these being what are known as compensatory duties, given because of duty on wool, which it is proposed now to admit free.

The only objection of the Springer bill not considered is that relating to shoddy. The conference will meet again Monday to perfect the bill and reach an agreement on it as a whole. Messrs. Shively and Whiting were not present.

ALL SOLID FOR CLEVELAND.

Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa and the Dakotas.

CHICAGO, Feb. 14.—A combination is said to have been engineered during the past ten days to throw the votes of five northwestern states solidly to Cleveland at the democratic convention. The states mentioned as being included in the combination are Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa and the Dakotas. They will, so the democratic committee state, be unanimous for Cleveland from the start, with the exception of Iowa, which asks the privilege of casting a complimentary vote for Boies on the first ballot. It is agreed that all the states shall hold early conventions. The Minnesota committee will meet Tuesday, Wisconsin the date of its convention for March 22, and the others will follow in quick succession, all being held before April 15. This solid northwestern move, its promoters state, is to offset the effect of Hill's New York convention in February.

KILLED BY WILD DOGS.

After a Hard Fight Along a Road on Which They Gave Chase.

WICHITA, Kas., Feb. 14.—A stockman named Pratt and his little daughter were killed and the bodies were terribly mangled by wild dogs some miles from Leonard, Sherman county, last night. These dogs came in from Colorado at this time of the year, and their depredations have been confined generally to stock, but travelers have told of being chased by them. Pratt evidently made a desperate fight, as the road along which he was chased is marked by carcasses of the dead.

SOCIAL SESSION NO. 2.

The Press Club Spends Another Afternoon in Quiet (?) Pleasure.

The social session of the Press club held yesterday afternoon, under the direction of Editor Thomas W. Fletcher, was enjoyable in the extreme. There was a large attendance, and every man was loaded with more or less eloquence, which he was not permitted to unload. A novel innovation was the presentation of valentines to many present, which created considerable merriment. Captain Charles W. Eaton made an interesting speech, giving some reminiscences of the early days of journalism in Grand Rapids. Mr. Eaton was right "in it" before the war and knows all the old timers. George De Haven of the D. L. & N. and C. W. M. was also an honored guest and foremost in the *valentine* business. Juices and sandwiches, salad, coffee and gay repartees made up the bill of fare, and the fragrant fumes of twenty-five clay pipes filled the air (no poetry intended). Just as the club had gathered around the festive board, three of the lady members, Mrs. Mills, Mrs. Wilson and Miss Patton walked in with a magnificent bouquet of roses, placed it on the table and then ruthlessly tore themselves away again. Captain Colonel M. A. Aldrich of the Democrat was charged with the duty of preparing an acknowledgment of the ladies to be supplied to each of the morning papers, but owing to the "auspiciousness of the time" he had failed to report at 3:45 this morning and THE HERALD is denied the privilege of printing a very graceful tribute for a very graceful act. The session was an improvement on its immediate predecessor and Commander Fletcher proved himself to be a master of keen wit and keener repartee. Those who attended were amply entertained and those who because of sickness or the inclemency of the weather remained away simply missed one of the rare treats of the season. It should not be overlooked that Mr. De Haven was his happiest and most amiable mood. He not only discharged the pleasant duty assigned for himself, but bravely responded for those who were detained at home. Among the most favorably received remarks were those by Messrs. Eaton, Stitt, Stuart, Finn, Emery, Conger, Sprout, Cresswell, Adams, Sweet, Aldrich, Fletcher, De Haven, Catlin, Stevens, McKim, Mills and Hanna. The next session will be presided over by W. B. Weston of The Leader.

THREW HIM OUT.

Ira Hackett Aroused From a Sound Sleep and Tossed into the Street.

Ira Hackett, a man about fifty years old, came to police headquarters last night with his face looking as if it had been through a sausage grinder. He explained that he had gone to bed in Taylor Allen's house, No. 75 Calder street. Suddenly his sleep was broken by a demand from two colored men to vacate. He refused and they jumped on him. When the assault ended he was lying in the street bleeding profusely from several gashes about the face. He slept at headquarters last night and will swear out a warrant for the arrest of his assailants this morning.

Many Monkeys.

For a considerable time A. Kuppenheimer, of Kuppenheimer Brothers, the Pearl street cigar manufacturers, was the owner of one lone monkey, whose antics delighted all who passed by the store. Mr. Kuppenheimer at last decided to procure a partner for the animal, and straightforth penned an order. When the letter at last reached the South American dealers the chirography had become cold. Instead of meaning one it was deciphered to mean ten, and a day or so ago they arrived. It is said that Kuppenheimer was indignant, but he paid for the whole consignment and they at present grace his front window, confined in a wooden cage.

Midnight Fire.

The house at No. 77 South Waterloo street, owned by John Grant and occupied by the families of James Cresswell and A. Bennett, caught fire last night from a defective chimney. The alarm was sent in from box No. 31 about 1 o'clock. The interior of the house was considerably damaged. Loss \$200.

LIFE ON THE RAIL

How the Fleeting Hours Fleet Away

WHILE LIVING IN A PULLMAN

The Frolic and Fun of Retiring and the Fury and Fusion of Arising—Appetite Are Whetted.

The multifarious experiences incident to a three weeks' sojourn in a Pullman car are never to be forgotten by those who have taken it in. These experiences vary both in number and degree in proportion to the number of the occupants. The days are passed lingering in lazy languor upon the luxurious cushions, reading the daily papers of several days ago, which the wily train butcher has palmed off on you during a hurried rush through the car, reading "All for Love," "Maggie Murphy's Mash," and other classic tales which are retailed by the purveyor of prehistoric popcorn and vermiculose figs, dousing, smoking and viewing the ever changing scenery. Nothing is more aggravating than the latter occupation. While the train is tearing along at the rate of fifty or sixty miles an hour the landscape is reeled past the passengers' vision with the same velocity, and no sooner does he fix his gaze upon a pretty picture than it is torn out of the corner of his eye, leaving him pained and disappointed. A lovely reach of a river attracts him, and he calls the attention of the pretty lady in the next seat. She looks and is confronted by a blank wall of clay, the whizzing phantom of a side-tracked freight train, or the cold shadow of a tunnel. Somehow one feels humiliated after he has repeated this useless courtesy half a dozen times and grows morosely silent.

Appetite Grows Apace.

Appetite becomes a contagious disease among travelers. The meek and lowly buffet man strolls down the aisle of the car and asks in a subdued whisper if he can serve you with dinner. His overtures are rejected with loathing for each person feels the sulphurous breath of the engine in his nostrils while a quart or so of the rapid contents of the water cooler is washing around in his interior. Every head is sick and each person's mouth tastes like a spoiled fish. Down at the forward end of the car a timid little lady lies curled up on a seat, a picture of hopeless misery. A cup of tea she knows would help her head and perhaps a bit of beefsteak, a couple of eggs, some toast and fried potatoes would also be acceptable. "And water, while you are getting things ready perhaps I could eat a bowl of soup." Such an appetite in such an unexpected locality excites universal disgust. A neat little table is spread before the lady and upon its snowy cloth a bowl of steaming soup is placed. People begin to hitch about uneasily as the odor of the soup salutes their nostrils and by the time the lady's dinner-brother in the whole company is famishing. They watch her evident satisfaction as she daintily tucks away each mouthful and note with wolfish eyes each movement of her jaws.

Could Eat a Nest of Cats.

"Oh, dear! I'm so hungry," says a querulous lady.

"Hungry," responds the gruff voice of her companion, "I could eat a raw dog."

As if a nest of kittens was clawing at my insides," growls another. Then the trouble begins. Everybody is starving; ladies beckon to the buffet man, men shout at him, and the electric bell is kept in a maddening whirl. A glance at the annunciator completely unnerves the waiter, for there is a call from every section of the car. He fries, broils and scorches food, breaks dishes and scatters about like a bee in a bottle, while the women whine and the men blaspheme. It takes two hours to restore peace, and those who have to wait longest abuse the distracted waiter and threaten to report him to the company. Spasms of hilarity take possession of certain of the passengers at irregular intervals, but the general air is one of gloom and discontent. The whole company is famishing. They watch her evident satisfaction as she daintily tucks away each mouthful and note with wolfish eyes each movement of her jaws.

She Was Not Responsive.

When the evening shadows have fallen and the landscape has become a gloomy pall outside the windows, people begin to think of bed. As a rule the gentlemen retire to the smoking room at this hour to enjoy a cigar and exchange racy anecdotes while the ladies get into their respective berths as fast as they are made up. A Pullman car is a perplexing thing when the berths are down and the curtains drawn. It also has a funeral air and smells like an undertaking shop. If the lights are low the berth numbers are obscure and distressing mistakes are likely to occur. This is no theory but an awful truth to which I can bear witness, having had experimental knowledge. One night several of us had lingered at the hotel to see a man, leaving the ladies and the more sedate of the gentlemen on the car. We were sidetracked awaiting a fast train to which our car was to be attached at midnight. At 11:30 we made a rush to get on board, hoping to stow ourselves away while the car was standing still. Something had made me confident, so without looking at the numbers I walked boldly down the aisle and pulling apart the curtain looked into a lower compartment. A lady was there well advanced in the act of dozing. Ladies of the same stature must look wonderfully alike "en dishabille," especially if the light is very dim. Supposing that this was the right lady I cheerily said, "Ah there," intending the exclamation as a means of self-identification and an evidence of good faith. The lady was not responsive but as a rule ladies are not when they are sleepy.

Gathered Her Warnings.

My hat was hung up in a jiffy and coat and vest were yanked off and tossed into the berth. Then I sat down on the side and started to pull off my shoes. A stern, strange female voice just behind me said "Well! She said 'gather her warnings' but I'm engaged to gather her warnings. There was surprise, reproach, virtuous indignation, and the entire category of unpleasant emotions expressed in that little word that exploded in my ears and nearly turned my brain.

There are photographic plates made so sensitive that an exposure of a two hundred and fiftieth part of a second is sufficient to catch the image, but such a plate would have been altogether too slow to catch my picture as gathered up my belongings and bolted.

If a person has any desire to become a champion contentmentist let him practice going to bed in a sleeping car. There is nothing like it for limbering up the joints and making impossible attitudes possible. If a fellow stands up beside the berth and the train rounds a curve he is sure to be launched into a publicity which will be painful according to the degree of his nudity. His only safety is to get into the pigeon hole and imitate a snake shedding his skin. Once in the berth, one's troubles are over for the time being. The motion of the train is like that memory of the dance when you lay in the cracks of many many weary years ago—rocking, rocking to the soothing crooning of an old fashioned tune. The cares of the world drift away with the whirling rush of the times that are left behind. Everything earthly fades and vanishes. The lights in the homes on the hillside flicker like will-o'-the-wisps as they drift into the silent gloom, but the stars above stand still; and their bright eyes beam as softly as they did when you were a wondering child.

Different in the Morning.

The wheels as they pass from rail to rail take up a rhythmic beat, slowly at first like the stately measure of an old-time minuet, then quicker like the tune of a Kerry dance, and when the throttle is open and the train is flying like a demon through the air, one thinks of Tam O'Shanter's mare and the mad merriment of Rubenstein's waltz as his eyelids close and he sinks into peaceful oblivion.

Getting undressed is hard enough, but it is an unequalled pleasure compared with dressing in the morning. On awaking I see for his knees, and his next is a wondering as to how he is to get into them. The proper thing to do is to balance carefully on your shoulder blades with your feet in the air, and by a sudden spasm drive both legs at once into their proper cases. Of course everything falls out of your pockets, and your wife wonders what the people in the next caron will think of such language. When you straighten up and knock the top of your head concave she is on the verge of tears; but the waiting constellations in your eyes subside after a little, and you put your feet upon the floor. Some cars have, in addition to the heavy buttoned curtain, an inside drapery like valings which increases your security and adds to your misery. My own experience with the above mentioned article was particularly disastrous. Having accomplished the introductory spasm, I rose to my feet behind the curtain, and began to stow away the casual portions of my underwear. Somehow the article of my underwear, which I had stowed away in the next caron, was on the point of bursting when my task was finished. Pulling apart the curtains I looked down the aisle of the car preparatory for a trip to the lavatory. There were a dozen people in the way but I started. When about four feet away I was suddenly yanked backward and then the gauzy folds of the inside curtain were torn from my trousers with all the other draperies that had been stowed away with them. Several people laughed and someone said I looked like a newly burnt cotton ball, but their vision was a fleeting one and ten minutes later I was clothed and in my right mind. NITAG.

NEW YORK STOCKS.

Henry Clews Reviews the Offerings in Wall Street.

New York, Feb. 13.—During the past week, the whole course of business at the stock exchange has gone a change and been disturbed by extraordinary developments in connection with the coal roads. At first, indefinite rumors came from Philadelphia and other sources of an impending great "deal" between some of the leading anthracite corporations; but, as there was at the time a large outstanding "short" interest in the coal properties, the reports were construed as merely designed for transient speculative effect. That being the view taken of the situation and the price of these stocks having advanced rapidly, notwithstanding the market bore some apprehension of a burst of some great combinative operation, and most stocks outside the coalers were virtually neglected. On Wednesday the fact was authoritatively acknowledged that an important deal had been already consummated as between the Reading, the Central of New Jersey and the Lehigh Valley Railroad companies, calculated to have important future bearings upon those companies, if not upon the entire production and distribution of anthracite. The purpose of the arrangement is to place the Lehigh Valley and the Central of New Jersey under the direct control of Reading; not through a lease, which would be illegal in the states through which the roads run, but through a trust arrangement which is a perfectly legal and good in law. The plan is very much the same as that under which the Chicago Gas company controls the several corporations of which it is composed. A majority of the stock of Lehigh Valley and Jersey Central is placed in escrow in the hands of a trustee and in behalf of Reading, and the latter company places in the custody of said trustee a certain amount of interest-bearing securities, to insure the fulfillment of the engagements undertaken by Reading towards the two other companies. Reading guarantees dividends upon the stock of the Lehigh Valley at the rate of 5 per cent until July 1, 1892; at 6 per cent from that date until July 1, 1893, and at 7 per cent from and after that date. After July 1, 1894, 7 per cent is guaranteed, and any surplus above that is to be divided equally between Reading and Lehigh Valley until 10 per cent is paid to the latter, when the Reading will take all further surplus. Reading guarantees 7 per cent hereafter on New Jersey Central stock, and divides equally any surplus above that amount with the latter company. The directors of the two other roads will be given full representation in the directorate of Reading.

Callum Goes Home.

CHICAGO, Feb. 14.—Senator Callum tonight went to Springfield. After a day or two of some rest he will return to Washington. He will leave behind him in the west his presidential bid.